

STREET 20¢  25¢ STORES



VOL 2 NO 3     OCT 1967

SEATTLE WASH





# Y'all Bin Invited Mr. Crowley

WALTER CROWLEY, 20 year old Trot (in short pants come summer), Helix Art Director-- once described by Meryl as "born with a rapidograph up his ass," -- and the only person I have known to be actively sought out by lonely ferrets attuned to the maternal (ferret maternal, which is not, I think, like your mother or mine) vibrations emanating from Walter's abdominal chakra, has just walked out of the office to report for induction into the Armed Forces of These UNITED STATES.

In Front: the Army doesn't really want Walter. It is possible that Fidel Castro, a folk hero of Walter's somewhat particular folk (he's the only one to the best of my knowledge) wouldn't have wanted Walter: even cold and hungry in the Sierra. Walter is sarcastic, emotionally unstable even by UPS standards, and fully strung out on things that normal folk cannot even get mildly dizzy on: Midol, Sta-Calm, Everthing Gerber (LV) horrid British newsprint and Dran-O (I.V. and I.M. hourly to combat signs of weakness, affection for the ferret etc.)

He sped out the door, wired like a generator factory, accompanied by a photographer with a Poleroid Land Camera and the light of battle glinting from his steel rims. He may return. Conversely, several generals may well appear at the office seeking sanctuary: one can never tell with Walter or ranking officers.

I have consumed thousands of cups of coffee with Walter, blown many a deadline with Walter and came down many a bad comedown with Walter crashing (tho it is sometimes rather hard to tell if he is returning from the wonderful world of coca leaf or only feeling unusually guilty about feeling unusually benign.)

I have...I repeat that the army does not really want Walter: not only is he ridden by all manner of foul oriental vices, extremely hostile and unusually intelligent, but he has, over the past five or ten years, created a wholly untenable Weltenshauung out of obscure variants upon marxist dialectic admixed, due to the practical jokes of a friend in the publishing business, with bits of more esoteric truth from the works of Hermes Trismegistus.

Dear Colonel Sir: please excuse W. Crowley from your strange thing for the next duration or two as we need him badly here, and you can't use him anyway.

But walter doesn't need me to write a note to the army for him: Walter wrote his own note to the army and we at the Helix tink it is very nice and may let him up from his drawing board once in a while to play with the electric typewriter in the near future if he has one and we have one.

Walter wrote this 10 minuets before he went to the induction center and 50 minuets before a deadline he didn't meet.

John Cunnick

To whom it may (unrightfully) concern:

This is to clarify my political position, particularly in regards your security codes, so that your files on me might attain some semblance of accuracy.

In the context of your esoteric little syntax (ie. crosseyed myopid) I am a Marxist-Leninist with Trotskyist overtones, flavored with a pinch of Che Guevera, a dash of Carmichael and a tablespoon of Ho Chi Minh. This analysis is based on my membership in the Young Socialist Alliance (YSA), the youth affiliate of the dreaded Socialist Workers' Party (SWP), since Fall of 1966.

But, alas, your classification precludes dogmatism on my part, and is therefore precisely inaccurate. My political disposition is far more eclectic than what your rather rigid system can normally relate to.

Admittedly Marx, Lenin, Trotsky-- the full spectrum of Marxist thinkers up to and beyond Fromm and DeBray-- have exerted a strong, perhaps even dominant influence over the development of my political awareness. But they are only a few of the many tributaries which water to current of my philosophy.

Yes, I am a leftist.

Yes, I believe the established order must be destroyed before the natural dynamics of society can consummate a new mode and transcend the limitations of the previous system.

Yes, I believe, as Marx believed, that force is the midwife to every society pregnant with a new one.

Yes, I support the NLF and its leadership of the Vietnamese revolution.

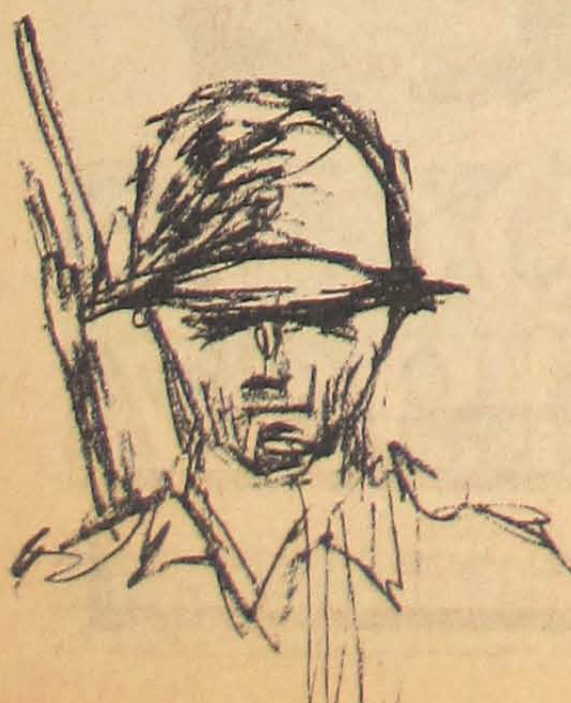
Yes, I oppose, and will work to overthrow your America.

No, you do not understand my philosophy because when you find out where it's at, it will have already moved.

NEVER YOURS

*Walt Crowley*

(The three pencil sketches on this page were quickly drawn by Walt minutes before he left)





# Stop the

3v

## the war machine

The War-Machine grinds on and spews out broken bodies and maimed babies. Its support consists of the hardened psyches created by profit, self-interest, fear and confusion. The war-machine's lubrication---the blood of American bodies and the sweat of the system's slaves---may soon run short. Anger, love, indignation, and sympathy are creating a movement of the humane. From the humane comes resistance.

More and more draft-age men are refusing to submit their lives and beliefs to the state. In recent times most Western nations have bought off some of the resistance to the state's conscription by recognizing the "conscientious objector" ... by giving him a special exemption from military training. But, of course, the decision of choosing who would be classified as conscientious objectors remained with the state. The current draft resistance movement is in part the result of an increasing awareness that the state does not have the right to choose who should kill and who shouldn't

Some draft resisters, in disgust or out of deep moral commitment, have or will destroy or return their draft cards and accept the likelihood of prison rather than submit to induction or accept any deferred status. Other draft resisters feel justified in carrying II-S deferments for education or I-O conscientious objector exemptions, for they carry these exemptions to remain free to work to save others from conscription.

Because there are now fewer ways to legally evade the system which trains and forces men to kill to defend their freedom to agree with the state, resistance to the draft has become the main alternative to submission and self-destruction. Congress and the Pentagon tightened up the draft with the passage of the new law, in spite of the advice resulting from several studies and conferences that they introduce much more freedom into the draft laws. The routes of escape from "freedom" into Canada are being narrowed as the result of U.S. pressure and Canadian complicity. As the U.S. continue to maintain its wealth through human suffering and enslavement, draft resistance in local communities across the nation, including Seattle, has risen to help save some of the lives and minds which would otherwise be manipulated to destroy.

OCT. 16-21 IS STOP THE DRAFT WEEK.....



# Draft Week

## national resistance

FROM DISSENT TO RESISTANCE is the theme of the OCT. 21-22 protest and sit-in at the PENTAGON. Resistance is the key to STOP THE DRAFT WEEK, OCT. 16-21, as induction centers and local boards across the nation receive the assault of protests and disruption. The site of the nation's biggest activity may be at the Oakland Induction Center, where the Bay Area Stop the Draft is attempting to put an end to induction for the whole week. The action might well be heavy, for the Oakland City Police have announced that they will keep the Induction Center fully protected from invasion.

City police will be unable to stop a national movement called THE RESISTANCE. Therefore, the FBI will probably retaliate. THE RESISTANCE, located in 12 cities, is the organization of hundreds of young men who returned their draft cards to their local boards last Monday, OCT. 16. Their hope is that massive disaffiliation from Selective Service will force a change in the War-Machine. Their Strength is the conviction that any cooperation with the draft is wrong.

Young draft-eligible men do not stand alone. Adult support groups across the nation are signing statements and taking action in support of draft resistance. One of these statements, "A CALL TO RESIST," is being circulated by the Seattle Civil Action Committee, a group of adults who are ineligible for the draft. The statement reads in part "We stand with those young men who...refuse to submit to an unconscionable military draft... We explicitly encourage, aid and abet this civil disobedience and thus place ourselves in equal legal jeopardy with draft refusers." These older adults do not wish their sons or other young men to go to jail alone.

Some threatened with jail may end up in churches. Rev. Coffin, Chaplain at Yale, has announced that several churches and synagogues throughout the nation will offer asylum to draft refusers.

The rumbling of resistance has begun.

This war society quivers with our continued inhumanity.

It will begin to quake with its continued escalation.

RESISTANCE is a moral necessity to all those involved in it. It is becoming increasingly obvious that the same is needed for the nation.

## seattle resistance

OCT. 16, 8 PM. RALLY SPONSORED BY U.W. DRAFT RESISTANCE IN THE UW HUB AUDITORIUM...

OCT. 17, 5:30 AM. MORNING DEMONSTRATION AND ACTION AT THE SEATTLE INDUCTION CENTER, 1519 ALASKAN WAY S. sponsored by the Seattle Draft Resistance. (cf. accompanying photo)

OCT. 17, 10:00 AM. CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE AT SELECTIVE SERVICE OFFICES, SPONSORED BY THE SEATTLE CIVIL ACTION COMMITTEE.

OCT. 17 & 18, 7-11 PM WORKSHOPS SPONSORED BY U.W. DRAFT RESISTANCE, BALMER HALL, U.W. CAMPUS

OCT. 16-21. MISCELLANEOUS ACTIVITIES AND ACTION DESIGNED TO INTERFERE WITH THE OPERATION OF SELECTIVE SERVICE. DISTRIBUTION OF "A CALL TO RESIST" BY THE CIVIL ACTION COMMITTEE.

OCT. 21, 1 PM. DEMONSTRATION SUPPORTING THE OCT. 21 DEMONSTRATION AT THE PENTAGON, SPONSORED BY THE SEATTLE MOBILIZATION COMMITTEE. PICKETING IN FRONT OF THE FEDERAL BUILDING, 1ST AND MARION, BEGINNING AT 1 PM, FOLLOWED BY MARCH AT 2 PM FROM THE FEDERAL BLDG. TO SEATTLE CENTER.

OCT. 21, SOMETIME DURING THE DEMONSTRATION...A COMEDY-PLAY, "A DAY IN THE LIFE" WILL BE PERFORMED BY THE RESISTANCE THEATRE.

ANYONE SCHEDULED FOR INDUCTION OR PRE-INDUCTION PHYSICAL WHO WISHES TO RESIST SHOULD CONTACT, SEVERAL DAYS IN ADVANCE, SEATTLE DRAFT RESISTANCE, P.O. BOX 713, ZIP 98111, SEATTLE WASH., OR CALL ME 2-2480.



# CO-NO!

CENTRAL COMMITTEE FOR CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS  
514 Mission Street, San Francisco, California 94105

## CURRENT SITUATION OF MEN WHO BECOME CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS WHILE IN THE US ARMED FORCES

Since mid-1966 all branches of the armed forces have been following a policy of "no recognition" of conscientious objectors. CCCO has advised hundreds of men who have become conscientious objectors after entering the armed forces, but we know of no case since May, 1966, where discharge has been secured. Transfer to noncombatant status has been formally secured in one case and informally secured in several others, but in general requests for transfer to noncombatant status, like requests for discharge, are routinely denied with no apparent attention to the merits of any individual case. Prior to the present policy an estimated 60% to 80% of the applications filed were granted. National Selective Service recommends on all applications for discharge or transfer on the basis of whether an applicant's beliefs would qualify him for either I-O or I-A-O classifications, were he under the jurisdiction of Selective Service. Recommendations of Selective Service are not binding on any branch of service but in practice are never questioned.

Over 100 servicemen per month apply for discharge under the CO regulations of the various services. CCCO advises a relatively small proportion of these men, and our conclusion that there is a policy of no recognition is based on inference from the experience of those we do advise. Of the servicemen who contact CCCO, a high proportion clearly qualify for discharge under the "parallel belief" established by the Supreme Court in the Seeger case. It may be that servicemen with more orthodox religious belief and church membership are experiencing less difficulty securing discharge or transfer, although our experience in advising a few such men seems to indicate the merits of their applications are being likewise ignored.

Many who become conscientious objectors while in the armed forces but fail to secure discharge or transfer are forced into civil disobedience. There is no administrative appeal of application denial.

COs who disobey orders on denial of their applications often are given Special Courts-Martial, with maximum sentence of six months imprisonment. However, reaction of military authorities varies. Nearly every CO who refuses orders is threatened with General Court-Martial. In a number of cases this threat has materialized. Sentences have been three, four, or five years imprisonment. Sometimes a CO will undergo several rounds of Special Courts-Martial and six months sentence before receiving an administrative discharge for "unsirability" or "unsuitability", 212 discharges of the general category. Dishonorable discharges are usually given by General Courts-Martial.

COs who refuse orders can be placed under great pressure, since military authorities can control their surroundings and personal contacts for an extended time. Any man who concludes he must disobey orders should inform CCCO or some civilian agency or attorney before he is confined. A disobedient CO should request military counsel when charges against him are specified. CCCO often works with a CO's military counsel.

CCCO and the American Civil Liberties Union are cooperating to try to challenge the arbitrary denial of CO applications of men in the armed forces, by selectively bringing habeas corpus actions in federal district courts. However, men who become conscientious objectors while in the armed forces cannot count on a fairer policy in the immediate future, and should understand they must rely principally on their own resources in carrying through their beliefs.

Although denial of applications for discharge or transfer to noncombatant status seems assured, servicemen who become conscientious objectors should not for that reason neglect to file an application on which they represent their beliefs as accurately and forcefully as possible. Here, as under Selective Service, one should "exhaust his administrative remedies", so that when and if he refuses orders, his reasons will be clear.





It's a nice neighborhood. Apartment buildings mixed among well-kept homes. Lots of trees, a little bit of green for everybody. Average income maybe \$9,000-\$10,000.

It's called Queen Anne. Most of it is hilly--from Dexter Avenue overhanging Lake Union on the east to slopes that scan Puget Sound on the west. At the bottom of the hill near its midpoint is the Seattle Center. A little further down, the northern reaches of 1st Avenue. Once you cross Denny Way, it's not Queen Anne anymore, but it's not quite downtown either.

A nice neighborhood. Green and affluent at the top, scruffy but pleasant down toward the bottom. And a great place to commit murder and get away with it.

In 16 months, 6 murders have been committed on Queen Anne Hill, in Lower Queen Anne and on the upper reaches of central Seattle's numbered avenues.

The police department's record for solutions to these murders: 1 out of 6. The solved murder was a domestic spat in an Olympic Place apartment.

Of the unsolved murders, one involved as its victim an employee of the police department. The body of a police clerk was found stuffed in an elevator at the Seattle Center last summer. When last heard from on the subject, the police department was appealing for help from a little old lady seen with the clerk three hours before the estimated time of the clerk's murder.

Queen Anne. A nice place to live. One of Seattle's better neighborhoods. And a great place to commit murder and get away with it.

#### SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT GENTLEMEN:

I think I'd like to be a motorcycle cop for you. I like to work short, regular hours, and I hate to be out after dark. Maybe you could work something out for me. If possible, like most of your cycle officers, I'd like to work 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. and avoid congested areas as much as possible. Maybe you could put me on a beat where ticket writing is a cinch. -- like up on Broadway during the rush hours when drivers can't help getting caught on the yellow light, or on Fuhman Avenue just off Eastlake where you can get them coming off the "U" Bridge. But don't put me in the "U" District -- the hours are too long and too late, and I don't dig a lot of jaywalking tickets.

Vice is nice. Except when the daily papers get on your back and you gotta start cleaning up. Of course, the colored girls are always there to pinch. But hell, you put the heat on them and the white girls who hustle from their cars have the field to themselves. That's what we like. Vice is nice too because you have a lot of power. Like, you know, even if a judge gets snotty, you can maybe nail him with a vice squad rap. It usually works. But that's a long way back....

DEAR CHIEF RAMON:

Why do you keep insisting organized crime isn't active in Seattle? No city in America is as clean as you would have us believe Seattle is. It's a well-known fact that newly-elected sheriffs in Washington counties, even the rural ones, are approached by representatives of organized crime and offered a deal. Certainly, then somewhere along the way, the Seattle police department must be aware of the existence of organized crime within its jurisdiction. If it is, why the little game that's played with the public, the avowal of innocence? If the department isn't aware that organized crime is everywhere, even here, then something is terribly amiss. And when something is that badly amiss, then it's up to outsiders to find out why. Outsiders -- like the state attorney general and the Justice Department.

Funny thing the way Seattle cops forget some cases. Like the bodies that turn up around the Arboretum. That Ft. Lewis soldier, for instance. Turned up in the International District one night, found dead the next morning near the Arboretum. Couple days in the papers -- then nothing. Or that bread truck driver from Mountlake Terrace. Drives down to the South End in his car to pick something for a vacation, then he's found dead the next morning near the Arboretum. Couple days in the papers, then nothing. Funny thing.

(unsigned)



I have been stationed at Ft. Lewis for 19 months. To put it mildly I have gone through many changes; progressing from a young (19 years) hypnotized achieving little trooper to an older (21) disillusioned, disgusted and unwilling server.

All sorts of things have counted in on the change, but most notably the omnipresent and corrosive experience of being part of the military machine. But I now see it is but an "aspect"; for the cheap deals, ass-kissing and petty-politics evident in the army are but the uniformed installment of the same sort of shit in Government; state, city, federal.

Somewhere along the line I started visiting the "U" district and even turned on. This finally did it for me and the Army. I split for a period of 100 days; a time for exploring myself. Then I voluntarily returned to Ft. Lewis expecting to be punished for going AWOL and being classified as a deserter. I had the consolation that even in I went to Leavenworth, I had still a chance to look at myself. The effect was that I was now willing to BECOME a human being instead of remaining an acceptable little olive drab robot existing on 3.2 beer.

However, due to a fortunate slip of events and the bureaucratic bumbling of the army I was lost in the shuffle of the 4th infantry division departing for Viet Nam. (At one point I was even aboard a troop ship, waiting to leave the Tacoma Harbor. The ship's boiler exploded and we were sent back to Fort Lewis.) Now since all my records were lost or destroyed no one in my new unit knew I had been AWOL for 100 days. Nine months have now passed since then and I have never been court-martialed for "my crime against the army."

In that time I have seen the harassment of disillusioned and turned on soldiers grow to frightening size. I have become aware of a gradual change in the mood of the Ft. Lewis population ...rumors of secret Narco plants in the barracks,...the fanatical & trivial insistence of the brass that hair be kept cut, -cut, -cut...the hunger fasts...the suicides...the writings on the Latrine walls extolling the virtues of psychedelic drugs and condemning the war machine...unauthorized bulletins on bulletin boards doing the same....

The military establishment is getting uptight about the attitude of more & more of its soldiers. Not that they no longer take pride in wearing the uniform -- this most of them never did -- but that they no longer PRETEND to take pride in wearing the uniform and playing the soldier games. The brass is trying desperately to punish offenders and halt the growing signs of dissension.

Keep the public informed of the happenings down in Ft. Lewis, and exposing the whole shitty deal. That's what hurts the image conscious Army brass the most. (Name withheld for obvious reasons.)

This letter is really about Delay's column, headed simply "DOPE," with the obvious and appreciated pun. You are onto something very important here -- more important than you may suspect. If you have by now received the copy of THE FAKE REVOLT (Legman's invective against the hip movement which resembles the scatological moralisms of a Swift or the paranoid wisdom of Dos Passos.) sent you, you will realize I am no friend of LSD. This is not because I am some grovelling square -- I am a lot tougher on the fake pretensions of revolt of a lot of people who cannot and will not fight their way out of a paper-bag full of shit unless their parents send them remittance checks to do it on. But the LSD thing is important. You are taking the pragmatic approach: what to do about bad trips. I noticed a first reference to "Frenquel" and the vitamins (B-3 and B-11) in the BERKELEY BARB for June 30th, page 6, from some anonymous character calling himself affectionately "the good doctor" or "happy alchemist," etc., but who sounds like Owsley Stanley III in a false beard: that's the individual who is happily reported by Time (the following week) to have made a million dollars manufacturing LSD ---before it was banned-- some of which he apparently spends backing the Grateful Dead, and otherwise arranging to turn on the world-- your own announced ideal too. You know, maybe that's not a very good idea.

LSD is actually the most dangerous laboratory break-out of this century, about the equivalent of the epidemic dispersal of bubonic-plague-carrying rats after the San Francisco earthquake and fire, into the mountains, where the health-services still politely prefer to call it "Rocky Mountain fever." They are being equally polite about the LSD break-out, engineered by Leary. Let me quote to you from a letter (which I am trying to have published) from an important East-Indian research psychiatrist, who also has something to say about the phoney notion that Leary and such-like are neo-yogis or gurus, whereas no yogi would be caught dead with even a cigarette in his mouth--let alone marijuana and LSD--and they are also all vegetarians and teetotalers. Now that the Beatles' shyster-manager has turned in his chips (and what was he on?), I am sure their guru--who is now going to take them to India as an exhibit--is turning them very definitely OFF. Here is a passage from the letter:

"There is one final irony to this LSD thing. You will recall that I sent you an article by Dr. Humphrey Osmond and Miriam Siegler called 'Models of Madness.' Well, Osmond and Hoffer and a number of other psychiatrists began experimenting with LSD and mescaline almost 17 years ago, with the idea of studying schizophrenic-like reactions in the laboratory. The whole point was to create a 'Medical Model of Madness' which could ultimately be used in the diagnosis and treatment of schizophrenia. As you know, both LSD and mescaline induce schizophrenic-like symptoms. Osmond and Hoffer, however, felt that this would be strictly for laboratory purposes, and they had no idea that Leary would come along and take it out of the laboratory, and "sell" it to thousands of young people as a path to paradise. So here we are, a remedy for schizophrenia, Leary and his disciples are running around inducing the disease artificially." -- Think it over. Sincerely,

G. Legman

Dear Mr. Legman:

We have. Last issue we reprinted portions of an article written by David E. Smith for the Journal of Psychedelic Drugs. He includes mention of the "Model Psychosis" theory. In short he notes, "We no longer think that LSD produces a model psychosis." and then continues with more on the same. We'll send it along.





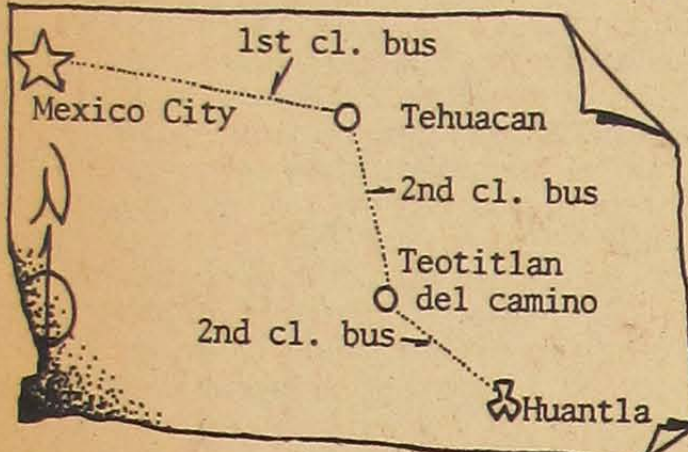
Cylocybin Mushrooms: Hongos  
Place: Huantla, Oaxaca, Mexico.  
Time: June and July

Hotel: 80¢ per night for two  
HUT: from \$4 to \$8 per month

Weather: cool & rainy (very muddy)  
Clothes: Take sleeping bag, boots  
and warm coat.

Hongos: 40¢ a trip  
Police: Hongos are legal. Mari-  
juana is not. However, no one  
has ever been arrested for grass.  
The army is the police force, and  
when I was there, the chief smoked  
grass with us, escorted, with guns  
and uniform, etc.

Busfare: about \$7 from Mexico City



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you know. Say, I DEMAND ALL THE SOME-  
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turn out to be. That such wonders can  
exist. And at such a price. Try it. See  
what happens. Or, if the storekeep-  
er seems a mite flabbergasted and does  
n't have the goods, you can SQUEL on  
him! Write us. In person. Something  
Else Press, Inc., 160 Fifth Avenue,  
New York, New York 10010



I have just finished reading your "You Unitarians  
are a Funny Lot," and am sad to say it doesn't strike  
me as funny at all. In fact, it seems you must have  
been quite unhappy and disappointed when you wrote  
it, a mixture of feelings most understandable consi-  
dering all that has happened to you during the past  
year in one of our local churches. You came to Seat-  
tle with such heady dreams and brilliant promise.  
How sad we all are that things did not work out as  
you had hoped.

Still, dreams shattered are no cause for scorning  
friends. Nor are they reason enough to ridicule the  
thousands of Unitarians who honestly seek to forge  
a religion worthy of man's dignity and sufficient to  
the world's need. If we Unitarians have yet to put  
an end to religious intolerance, discrimination and  
war - a self evident conclusion it seems to me -  
still we are in there trying, and our words should  
speak of hope, not rebuke. Of course you are right  
in noting that Emerson and Thoreau would be rest-  
less in our state of unfree comfort today. You are  
restless and so am I. All the more reason for per-  
sons of humane intention to share the toil of set-  
ting forth just priorities, and insisting that man  
accomplish his best.

Between your stairstep lines I detect a bitter-  
ness that Unitarians do not generally share your  
opinions on drugs and your celebration of the psy-  
chedelic motif. It is foolish to expect otherwise  
but even you must concede that much of hippidom is  
shot through with dressup games and feigned matur-  
ity and good old fashioned sham. Even more sadden-  
ing is the idea that people must take in chemicals  
in order to be pure, that they can see better with  
the eyes closed, that they can better know reality  
through the fantasy haze of dope. I can't buy this,  
Paul. I can't even pretend that I can. Love isn't  
found in a cloud of smoke, not love that heals &  
creates and endures when the cloud drifts away. A  
mind "blown" by speed is not a mind set free to  
fashion a better world. It is a mind lost, to the  
loss of us all. How sad - like a children's cru-  
sade led down a false road, innocence sacrificed  
for naught.

And as for Vietnam - surely you know no man of  
God conceived this horror, but the ancient vani-  
ties of pride, apathy and fear. True, the churches  
were late awakening, but I should like your answer  
to what hell might we be in now if brave men in  
pulpits did not continue to speak out. Who will  
fill yours if you back away?

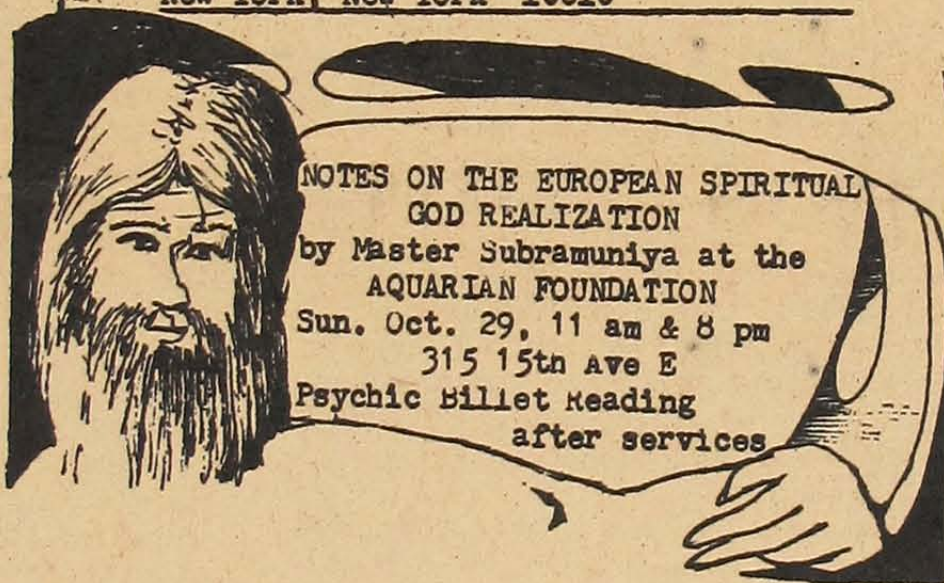
Most of us in the Unitarian Church have no yen  
to put people down, especially not the flower  
children full of beauty and life. I for one, how-  
ever, would hope that just because we are not turned  
on by the electric illusion others whom we would  
befriend will not turn on us.

In fraternal respect, Ralph Mero

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Vietnam is in dire financial shape.  
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we really need is money. Could you  
help us in our efforts?

**SLAINE**

**JAZZ SOCIETY**

**SCENE**

PHONE ME 22463

**POSTER SHAZAM**

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ON SALE AT EAGLES  
AND ALL HEAD

**PHACTOR BAND**  
**WEST COAST**  
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**MAGIC**  
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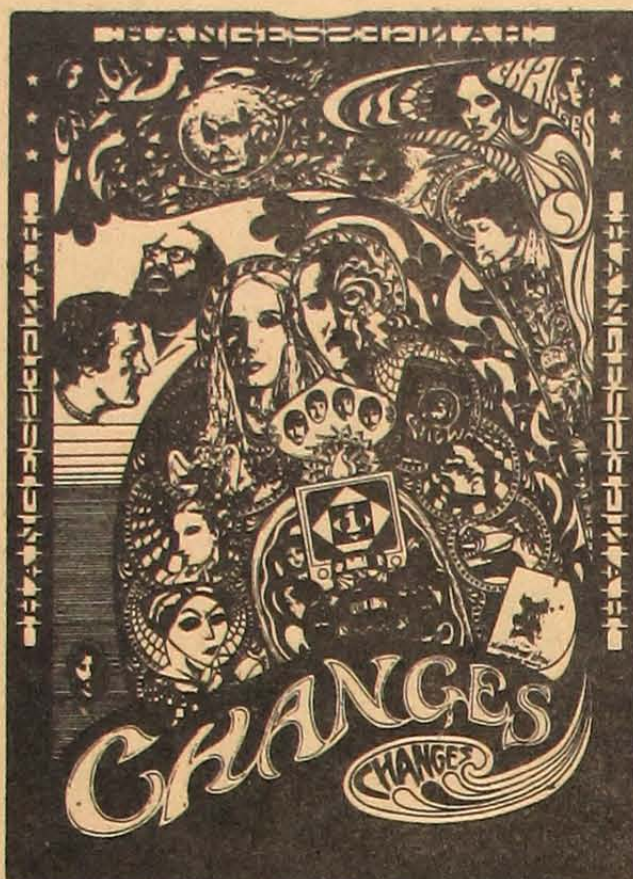
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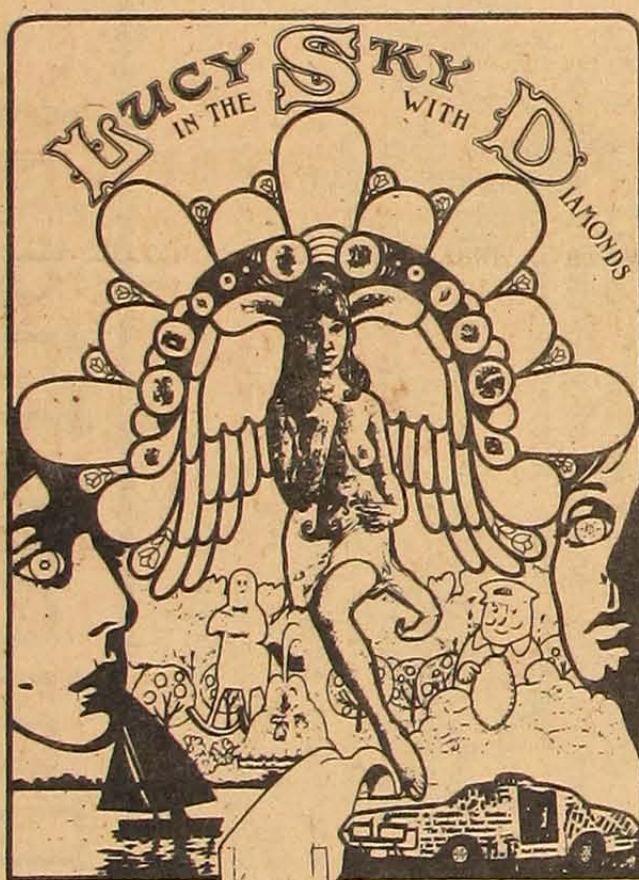


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# THE KENNEDY REPORT: DON KENNEDY

Last spring the UDM launched an ambitious program to bring pressure against local real estate tycoon and Big Time Landowner Don Kennedy. The only result other than emotional release and cursory cataloging (the records have subsequently disappeared) of some injustices perpetrated was to draw attention to Kennedy's malpractices so that groups with a more realistic orientation could actually accomplish the correction of these malpractices. One group, the Graduate and Professional Student Senate of the University of Washington has been keeping an eye on Kennedy ever since and is aware enough to realize that to fight such a solid member of the Establishment, the tools provided by the Establishment, as slow and inefficient and unresponsive as they may be, are the only sure and effective means of combat. The following are excerpts from the report submitted to the Seattle Planning Commission on October 5, 1967 by the Grad Student Senate:

"The purpose of this report is to enable the Graduate and Professional Student Senate at the University of Washington to publicly object to the rezoning of the property at Sandpoint Way N.E. and N.E. 65th requested by the Don Kennedy Real Estate Company. This objection is registered because Mr. Kennedy and his associates practice a conscious, conspicuous, and consistent policy of racial discrimination in the public rental of housing which they own and/or manage .... When it was announced early this summer that Don Kennedy Real Estate was seeking a change of zoning to permit development of an apartment complex in the vicinity of the Sandpoint Housing Development operated by the University, it was felt that, in the interest of the healthy and orderly development of the community, the Planning Commission should be fully informed of the apparent policies of the individuals requesting the rezoning.... It is the conclusion of the Graduate and Student Senate..., based on its own investigation...that the Don Kennedy Real Estate firm follows a clear and consistent policy of exclusion on Negroes and other minority groups, both as tenants and as guests of tenants, from rental units which the firm owns and/or manages. There is every reason to believe that this policy will be applied in any further units acquired or controlled by the firm or its officers." And from a report submitted on the same date to the Commission by Arvall Morris, U.W. law prof, "There is no difference between a State or City authorizing a licensed real estate agent to practice racial discrimination, and a State or City actually practicing racial discrimination, and a State or City actually practicing racial discrimination itself." The reports were tabled until October 19 to allow the city to acquire a legal opinion from its lawyers.

The Grad Student Kennedy watchers, headed by Bill Inglis, intend to tie up the rezoning of Kennedy's new half million dollar property acquisition indefinitely while the courts decide the constitutional position of the Planning Commission in its responsibility for property use after its stated functions of zoning and rezoning have been fulfilled. This could prevent Kennedy and his associates from gaining any return on their sizeable investment for many years.

Inglis and Morris have considerable evidence that Kennedy does, in fact, practice racial discrimination. They have testimony from ex-Kennedy apartment managers that they were informed not to rent "To those persons who do not fit in -- beatniks, unclean men with full beards, Negroes and other apparent undesirables...." The Grad Student Senate investigation has included repeated test inquiries by Negroes, Asian Indians, Mexican-Americans, and Orientals concerning the availability of housing all of which were answered by the Kennedy staff with "We have nothing open at the moment," whereas inquiries by Caucasians were answered with listings of houses, and apartments available or with offers of waiting lists for spaces now occupied.

Inglis stated that his office had received sufficient evidence to prove this case, however, no complaints have been registered with the University Office of Student Housing which prevents them from taking any action to protect student renters from unfair rental practices. He suggested that anyone having a complaint against any real estate office about anything, be it high rent, failure to return damage deposit, eviction without 30 days notice, etc., should talk to Mr. Prigle, Director of Student Housing, at his office on the N.W. corner of 15th and Campus Parkway.

The University, is hamstrung and hungup and emasculated by a huge overlapping network of committees, surveys, secretaries, meetings, notes, and other bureaucratic sacred cattle which do little more than bog down action on obviously urgent needs and make certain that everyone in the system is responsible to everything except himself. Thus, students must wait while another survey proves that there actually is a housing shortage. Negroes, Indians, and other minority groups must wait for protection against housing discrimination because the Real Estate Board has hungup enforcement of a law passed on July 1. The City of Seattle's own bureaucratic flops include forgetting to collect 2 million dollars in taxes on banks, and about a half million in taxes at Boeing Field, failing to submit plans in time to receive funds from the Fed. Gov. for low-income housing developments, losing (no doubt to someone's advantage) the plans for a huge beautiful park over the freeway downtown where now lies a gross scabby concrete scar.

Meanwhile the city never forgets to collect property taxes, or to send out Metro bills or electricity bills, and they always manage to harass undesirable characters and haul high school kids out of class for interrogation, or to spend \$3,000,000 tearing down the telephone and power poles they put up and rebuilding a transit system not so different from the trolley system they tore out about 30 years ago -- the new one will be underground because their decision to spend money accommodating and encouraging automobile traffic was, by their own admission, ill-thought out and based on poor judgment. And rapid transit needs to be faster than the old clanging trolleys because they have made the city so unliveable everyone wants to get as far from it as fast as they can. Ah, San Francisco. (For more read hairy KRAB head, Lorenzo Milam, in last Saturday's P.I.)

## MOTORCYCLES...

The battle between the motorcyclists and the courts continues to simmer. The score so far: 3 helmet cases thrown out of court (in one case by the prosecutor himself) and 2 convictions both of which have been appealed. Charles Talbot, legal Dr. Strange for the Motorcyclists Defense League, has cast the constraining Rings of Raggador around the court with writs of prejudice, writs of mandate, and mimeographed briefs to be cast in the teeth of the Decadent Powers. Upon hearing this brief read by one defendant, Judge Roxbury of the Municipal Courts gasped, "By these arguments persons could be allowed to walk NUDE in the streets!", and convicted the defendant of bare-headed cycle riding. Talbot further intends to shame and embarrass local courts and politicians by proving that all rules, regulations, standards and ordinances enacted since early 1960 by anybody other than the State Legislature are Null and Void due to their failure to comply with the Administrative Practices Act of 1959. If you should get a ticket for a motorcycle violation, call the Defense League at SU 4-7949.

8

# THE HELIX

FORTNIGHTLY SEATTLE, W.N.

## SANE LABOR

The War in Vietnam has reached such a pitch of folly and madness that those advocating peace and negotiation are no longer labeled "the weird left" nor "the radical underground." The movement to end the war has transcended any myopic list of tags. Objecting to the war has now become even fashionable. Even the most hide-bound, suspender snapping politicians begin to realize that the strength of the movement lies in the genuine concern of the people and not in some ill-conceived hallucinatory peacenik dream.

Indicative of this shift in respectability, and certainly as a direct result of the widespread and growing concern of "the common man," that self-proclaimed bastion of liberal thought -- the Labor Union -- has finally proclaimed that "Labor Unions have always been opposed to War."

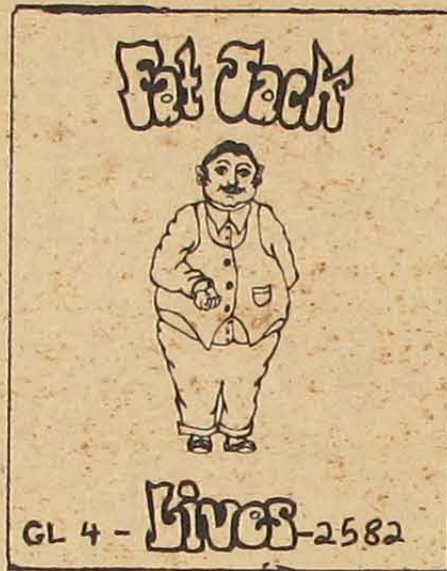
The Trade Union Division of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy has been formed to "...allow the development of a significant alternative voice to the official position..." on the war in Vietnam. Barely a month old, the TUDSNUP has already encountered considerable opposition from within the union structure itself, especially from AFL-CIO Pres. George Meany & his powerful, "WE SPEAK AS ONE" lobbying staff, who seem to see significant advantage in remaining at Johnson's Right Hand.

TUDSNUP advocates ending all bombing, immediately, withdrawal of troops from Vietnam, immediate and meaningful negotiation, and the formation of a coalition government. It strongly objects to the draft laws which select against "the working man's son," to "war-time production using automation," and to the inflation caused by huge amounts of government wartime spending. "Labor's best interests lie in the direction of peace."

The Unions will hold a general meeting in the Seattle Center on November 11 to further determine policy, issue national statements, and determine what action will be taken to end the war. Harry Bridges, head of the West Coast Longshore Union may lead the meeting. As long ago as 1958 Bridges made the comment that if the United States were ever to declare war on Red China he would personally close all the ports on the West Coast.

## Union Light in N.Y.

Carol Burns appeared suddenly at the Helix office with news of the Union Light Company in New York. It seems they stuck with C.J. & Fish for several gigs, but got caught in the bad vibrations between Joe and the Fish & between the Fish and New York (which eventually led to the Fish going on without Joe & Joe going on without the fish.) Then Union was hired by the Cheetah as a permanent addition to the club's "electric plastic copout." (They don't exactly work there, they sort of advise and hire.) According to both Carol & the members of the Crome Syrcus the East coast just doesn't know. The band members practice their freak-outs during rehearsals, throw staged ecstatic frenzies. Most of Union's creative work and living has been with the Group Image -- a tribelike only New York could produce -- they own a club, have their own Band (The Group Image), do commercial advertising for hip Mad Ave companies, work with magazines on "psychedelic" layouts (they designed the TIME cover on hippies.) Union is also preparing for a concert in Boston for which they will receive some astronomical sum. Carol described East Coast light companies as "primitive strobe freaking."



## dirty feet sell swell

The Viet-Cong's secret weapon is evidently neither political nor military, but orthopedic. The ad treats them as a major intelligence breakthrough: "Who hasn't heard of the Viet Cong's fantastically comfortable Ho Chi Minh Sandals? Well, why not enjoy them ourselves? For now you can get these cleverly-designed slipper-sandals right here in the U. S. A! Haband's style scouts have just 'captured' this intriguing enemy invention and carefully adjusted its exotic lines to the special requirements of the American foot." We're holding our breath in anticipation of new breakthroughs, such as Viet Cong pajamas carefully adjusted to the requirements of the American ass.

## "CAPTURED" CONG SLIPPER-SANDALS!

- First big style find of the war
- For both men and women.
- NEW & UNUSED.



(Ad From the New York Times)

## open door clinic to open

The Open Clinic is open! Located at 3800 Roosevelt Way is a house donated by the City of Seattle Urban Development League. The Clinic will provide invaluable medical and psychiatric assistance to the Hip Community. A volunteer staff will be on duty between 6 p.m. and 12 every night of the week and an emergency phone will be manned 24 hours a day. By November the Clinic plans to include a complete medical dispensary able to provide treatment or referral to the medical services of the entire city. All fees will be based on the patient's ability to pay and arrangements to pay in the form of labor and maintenance can be made.

The Clinic badly needs furniture, desks, tables, lamps, etc., and volunteers to help paint and clean up the house. Call Lee Kirschner at LA 5-8463.

### LAST MINUTE NEWS:

Federal Housing Administration approval is needed before the Clinic can be opened. Approval is expected in 10 days. Mrs. Kirschner asks that calls be limited to the late afternoon.

## BOEING sets new regulations for "PROPER" appearance

HELIX learned recently that BOEING CO. has issued new regulations for "Proper Business Attire and Appearance. For the enlightenment of all future employees, we shall quote liberally from the pronouncement.

"New hire personnel are advised in general terms as to what constitutes appropriate industrial business attire. Specific instructions are being made with regard to eye, foot and general safety. Proper attire and appearance is necessary to maintain a safe, productive and businesslike environment while at work. The dissemination of these guidelines is intended to help management prevent having to take corrective action. The following are examples of attire not conducive to a safe, productive, businesslike environment.

### EXAMPLES:

- Loose clothing and long hair can be unsafe in certain production areas. This applies to both men and women.
- Thongs, sandals or tennis shoes are examples of clothing that are unsafe in production areas and not conducive to a business atmosphere in office areas.
- Shorts, cut-offs, pedal-pushers and Bermudas are not acceptable attire for either men or women in any area.
- Low-cut blouses and short mini-skirts are additional examples of attire not conducive to an industrial business atmosphere.
- Tight stretch pants and tight sweaters may be detrimental to the business atmosphere as well as a disruptive influence on production.
- Unusual or excessive attention-getting attire or appearance can have a disruptive effect on production.

### HOW TO HANDLE:

All levels of management can, by their example, demonstrate the standards of attire which are considered proper. The second major technique involves relating the need for such standards to safety, productivity and kind of business environment you deem necessary for the conduct of business.

Management has the responsibility to advise their employees of the standards pertaining to attire and appearance. In cases where employees do not meet these standards, they should be so advised and if necessary sent home to alter their appearance. For assistance with "special" problems, contact Counseling, Personnel Relations or Safety according to the particular situation. IT IS ANTICIPATED THAT THESE INSTANCES WILL BE RARE.

## Lightnin' Hopkins,

Lightnin' Hopkins, old time, funky, gutbucket guitar player and blues singer will lay it down as it is this Saturday night at "A Down Home Blues Party" presented by the Seattle Folklore Society. The Party is an experiment in presenting folk-blues artists in their original context -- informally with dancing, beer & wine (to those of legal age of course) -- so everybody can loosen up and jive with the music and the performers can dig everybody digging them. The blues is moving music not sit and squirm concert music.

With Lightnin' (Fingers) Hopkins will be Mike Russo, longtime West Coast blues musician, playing Barrelhouse piano and 12-string guitar in the Leadbelly style.

Hopkins, born in East Texas a half century ago, hung around with such local folk characters as Blind Lemon Jefferson and Texas Alexander, picking up their guitar styles, evolving his own intricate lightening fast style of minor runs played over major chords.

This funky back country event starts at 8:30 p.m. on Saturday October 21 and goes until 1:00 a.m. at Washington Hall, 153 - 14th Avenue. Donation \$2.00 goes to bring other blues greats like Doc Watson and Reverend Gary Davis.

O.C. Scott, Director  
Industrial Relations



Scott White  
invited  
Canadian Government

Travel Bureau

Mr. S. White  
5045 Brooklyn Ave., N.E.  
Seattle, WA 98105

Dear Mr. White,

You know, we've been living right next door to each other all these years and still don't visit as often as we should.

This year, especially, we want to welcome you to Canada because this is our 100th Birthday as a nation.

Our Centennial celebrations are carrying on right through to Fall. And this is your cordial invitation to come and join in the fun.

Fall is a beautiful time of the year in Canada. The hills are golden brown and yellow and orange. Hotels and motels have lots of vacancies. You can sail, camp or drive on highways that wind their way through the world's most spectacular scenery. Or you can go riding and do your own exploring.

Our Centennial celebrations include theatre and concerts, regattas & festivals. There are golf tournaments & exhibitions, fairs and rodeos. You will receive, without charge, all the details you need by mailing the enclosed reply-paid card.

Why not come up for another friendly over-the-border visit?

Sincerely yours,

Dan Wallace, Director

SCOTT





# Charles Lloyd; Shaman



Lowell Richards  
"Fu" Stonehill

The Communist Party of Soviet Esthonia and the Seattle Times and P-I have at least one thing in common: Charles Lloyd frightened them so much that they felt they had to ignore him.

Why? Because Lloyd is a Shaman. At the Talinn Jazz Festival last Spring he was kept off the stand until the last set of the last day and then proceeded to blow all minds present. He came to Seattle hailed by (paid for) radio and (paid for) posters, ignored by the press, and again did it. This was at the Eagles Oct. 7 and 8.

Charles Lloyd managed one of the greatest audience-performer contacts on any musician yet to appear in this city. Besides being a Shaman of the Jazz and Rock Tribes and anyone else who is young instead of old, he is ... genius. His remarkably calm and beautiful style, his humble leadership of an incredibly talented group, his songs, the strength of his personal musical expression...all that.

"The song isn't just an entertainment, it's a total song, you see," Lloyd said in an interview here. He grew up in Memphis, played with B.B. King and other blues musicians there, took a master's degree in music at U.S.C., and entered the jazz world. Talking with Lloyd one thing is very clear; he wants you to listen to his music. His Shamanism is the consequence of this and his total openness to others. This and his appearance: a great dark halo of natural hair joined with a free elegance of costume.

Lloyd's pianist, Keith Jarrett is a musical giant in his own right. As Joe Zawinul put it, "Jarrett is the greatest jazz pianist in the world." He climbs into the grand and plays the strings directly when the key mechanism seems too distant. At the last set Sunday, he played a beautiful soprano saxophone, in duet with Lloyd's tenor and unaccompanied by the other two. It was one of the highlights of a tremendous performance.

Drummer Jack DeJohnette is among the greatest. Nearly every rock drummer in Seattle was there Sunday night oblivious to nearly everything else. We asked a few of them what they thought and got head-shakings, mumbled "Out of Sight," "I quit," and so on. He and Jarrett switch piano and drums and are nearly as good that way.

Ron McClure, a San Francisco bassist who joined the quartet early this year, broke the neck of his upright bass Sunday and had to use an electric bass. Although not skilled on the electric, McClure got a rockish groove going on one tune that had Lloyd smiling and dancing. Thanks to the loan of Chuck Metcalf's bass he played upright on the last, most beautiful Sunday night set and returned to his melodic line of great grace.

## A Little Aesthetic Primer for Heads

Most "psychedelic light shows" or "total awareness environments" demand understanding...from some. Saying they "blow your mind" won't do...for some. For most others it is neither from fashion nor from reflective sleep that they seem so intent not to think about the meaning and function of such shows. They simply exist in them. But if some should out of any old verbose habit wish to expend some analytic energy, then here are some critical suggestions.

First off, forget the word "art". Actually, avoid anyone who wants to remember it. That's **their** game...it does not matter. Begin with your own response, and for that matter end there if you want. It doesn't matter either. But how do you react to the heavy audio-visual overloads booming from the Eagles' stage? Much depends on the size of the crowd, the condition of the crowd - whether or not it's dancing - the company that's doing the lights, and what's on the stage. But forgetting these and all other variables just for the moment, you might simply and consistently stand awestruck, gaze in curious wonder or merely mill around. If this simple generalization is somehow accurate then we can safely say that everyone gets stone...or...feels AWARE...or...Capt. Wessalius of the Vice Squad is correct...a light-show is "in fact, by reputation a simulated drug experience." I, myself, a consistently pre-stoned visitor of such shows sat in on Big Brother straight for a change and was in fact and not by reputation quickly zapped by Joplin.

An interrogation of this corporate synesthesia first draws negative effects...i.e. those variables. Seattle crowds are too laid-back. They don't dance either in the streets or at the Eagles. Both The Dead and Joplin noticed this. When it all started last Jan. 14th with the infamous Free U. dance everyone did. The early OCS gigs were electric on the floor too. But even as Seattle does not have diggers throwing thousands of dollars onto the floor of the local stock exchange (as they did in N.Y.) or anarchists who throw soot at the executives of Con-Edison (N.Y.'s 40% contributor to N.Y. smog.) so Seattle doesn't dance. Now the entire hall is like the fantasy of SUPER-VOYEUR. Everyone just looks, listens and sits.

But you can get something from just sitting. A Rubens' nude gazes serenely on the Magic Fern, while a motorcyclist gently wheels his machine across protoplasmic blues and yellows. Like an enlarged soup can the images may seem absurd, out of place, amusing. Whatever associations the mind manages remain tenuous at best. Or...what could the Mona Lisa possibly have to do with the Crome Syrcus? A good, and perhaps obvious guess would be that in swirling audio-visual Eagles, a nude, a Rubens', a landscape, a face mirror a chaos of relationships in reality itself. But there's the rub, or -excuse the term - the "art", for reality does not ordinarily seem chaotic. By conscious mismanagement of images, by their radical juxtaposition, we are made conscious of the absurd chaos which only from practiced and unconscious habituation seem immutably ordered. But to hold this quicky analysis here would be both simple-minded and naive. The sense resulting from this mismanagement is not simply a negative one...i.e. it isn't simply absurd. Like when we first hear a "good" joke we don't immediately "understand" it...we laugh. Only later do we analyze what made us laugh...how it was set-up. So with the light-show after the onset of absurdity we recognize a "new order!" Or several: mythic, perverse, sensuous, political, humorous, etc... Have you looked at the difference in Light Cos? The Funky-Political Union Light, The Esthete, Slim, Paisleyed Lux sit and Dance, The

The Indian influence was evident Sunday. Starting with a Raga-like composition, Lloyd soon molded it into his own very special type of music. The group added a dimension with beautiful vocal harmony after the North Indian Khyal style. However, Lloyd didn't try to play oriental forms in a Western context; he took each and made it his own.

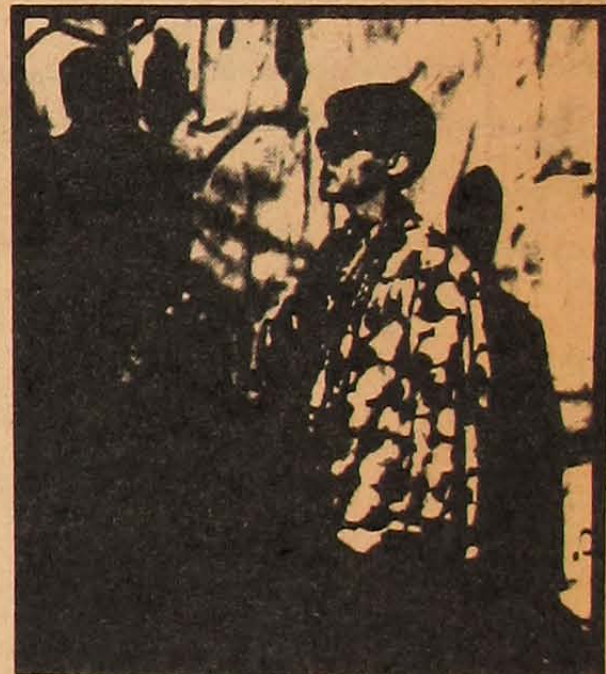
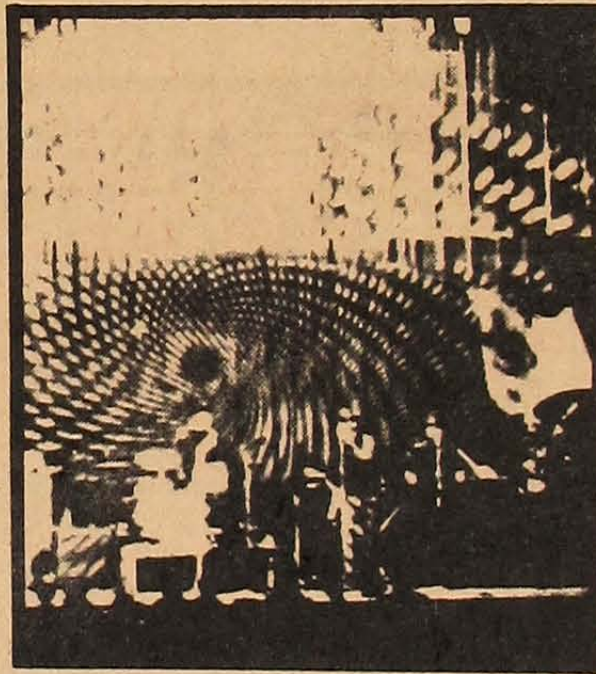
Lloyd is a dancer, although this is incidental to the sounds. He is always moving on the stage, but in such a way that it doesn't distract from what the others are doing. This is what is really fine. Miles David, who cannot do this, has to leave the stage when others solo.

Lloyd told us that the drop-out rumor (cf. last issue of Helix for reprint from Open City) was inaccurate. Having never been a member of the middle-class, he could hardly drop out from it. If it was taken to mean that the group isn't going to do anymore gigs, that's no longer the case. Lloyd, in fact, said that he wanted to come back to Seattle soon. His earlier pessimism resulted from a series of disasters after his triumphant tour of Europe, including the Talinn festival at Antibes. They played to 13 customers on opening night at the Five Spot in New York. They were hassled at L.A. about money and conditions. They were asked to play at the Monterey Jazz Festival again this year after last year's thunderous ovations - for the same price --- about \$1300! Naturally, he refused, and Jimmy Lyons refused to raise his offer. Hence, no Lloyd at Monterey in 67.

The future of his group and other new jazz units lies in special events, concerts, light shows; "definitely not in taverns," he added. The Charles Lloyd Quartet will continue wherever conditions are favorable, he promised.

The Lloyd affair at the Eagles, with the superb Retina Circus which got a light groove going with Lloyd on the last set that was like a bit of paradise, was one the best events ever to happen on the Seattle musical scene. The musicians were literally bouncing up and down with glee, and the audience was transfixed. They were jointly sponsored by Boyd Grafmyre and the Seattle Jazz Society, and if this is any indication of how jazz concerts here are going to turn out, it is hoped there will be more of them and soon.

(P.S. Grafmyre tenure at the Eagles will continue. After barely managing to survive under continued losses through Aug. and Sept. the Lloyd concert and the Big Brother affair brought with them small profits. This means, in effect, that the Eagles scene will not fold but will continue.)



Popped and Professional Retina Circus? Have you noticed their deliberated attempts to "move with" the music. If you have then you're making something out of it. Then you must decide if that's a mistake.

Bill Ingham

## Grateful Dead Bust

When the Grateful Dead were at the Eagle's last July they had big plans to drop out of the hip establishment they've spent all their time and energies helping to create and support, and disappear into New Mexico far away from the commercial scenes, the burns, busts and hassles, the whole electric kool aid party, to meditate and work on developing their music. They didn't make it. They came back in September, after bailing Bob Weir out of jail (busted from brandishing a cap pistol at SeaTac), they flew to LA for album cutting, back to the City to meet contract commitments and do benefits like the one they played two weekends ago at the Straight Theater School of Dance. The Straight Theater, at the corner of Cole and Haight is a well headed attempt at a Hip Arts Center -- with classes in acting, improvisation, game playing, interpersonal dynamics and other life-stage events. All this was to be supported by lightsound festivals in their redesigned theater. The IAW however could not see its way to grant them a dance permit, but the Theater got a permit to hold dancing lessons...with the Dead as "dancing instructors." All proceeds of the dance were to go to the Medical Clinic. As we all know the HANI has a way of sparking all those who ignore its judgment in favor of their own. Within 24 hours of the dance the cops raided the Dead's pad at 710 Ashbury, found a pound of pot, busted Pigpen, Weir, Rock Scully, and Bob Matthews (equip man) and several miscellaneous girls. On the same day other groups who have aided the Straight Theater were also raided. Blue Cheer in toto now reside in jail, as well as the Electric Flag, who were not out of the sight of the Myopic Eye even though they were in LA recording. Black Monday netted 36 free spirits and caused a minor panic on the street. "Orders from the D.A. ...."



# CROME SYRCUS

To do the outsized, is distorted, to feel one in the flesh with the other in dreams where love's limitations of actuality are limitless.

Gods and goddesses of old, neglected and rejected, are never granted permanent burial.

that superbly noisy and rhythmically hypnotic score commissioned

Truth to tell, the whole affair is a very feeble pas de deux triumphantly saved from disaster by the Crome Syrcus a wild, mod group from Seattle.

formed and perfected by the Crome Syrcus makes any further stimulus to the senses unnecessary. You'll

What New York means to me: Nothing A Beginning for the band A new style of thought Nothing is firm in my mind We've changed



Waiting for him, tightly sheathed in a paisley leopard

The Crome Syrcus has blown not-so High Culture's mind. Staid New York audiences and critics were shocked pleased upset disturbed by the ballet "Astarte" choreographed by Robert Joffrey and composed and played by the Chrome Syrcus...Astarte, Goddess of Ballylove, waits for a lover, slow grinding aching blues, phallic symbols, images in her mind, tower on the screen behind, a man in the audience feels her Earthmother cries, rises, walks onto the stage, strips, the two begin a sexdancefrenzy carried through the dreams and nightmares of Eros to a screaming climbing building climax by the insistent hypnotic pulsations of sound and texture created by the Syrcus. Both the Saturday Review and Time praised the ballet highly, calling it psychedelic, trippy, mindbending, etc. The lightshow/rock/ballet, Astarte, stands as an unique synthesis of two modern art forms with the ancient from of staged dance, re-enacting for serious audiences what happens on the dancefloor of any big westcoast rock palace.

The collaboration of Joffrey and the Syrcus grew out of the production "Opus 65" at the Eagle's last August. The changes in the group since then are dramatic: They shift from electronic tinkering in

the style of Stockhausen and Cage (a hamster plays piano in one number) to the hallucinatory lyricism of C.J. Fish (Lee's sax and flute floating, John's feedback guitar) and still pump out soulful folk blues. The Syrcus was approached by several major record companies but nothing definite has been arranged. They will stay in Seattle, playing at the Eagle's. Boyd Grafmyre, their new manager, hopes to work out collaborations between the Syrcus and the Seattle Rep and the Opera. In January they will go to Chicago for the performance of "Astarte" and perhaps, return to New York for a special spring season of the Joffrey Company.



ASTARTE CLIMAX

Goddess of the moon, love and fertility.

In the pit, a rock 'n' roll quintet, its sounds brutally amplified, screeches and howls, while a filmed psychedelic view of their actions is projected—elongated.

## CROME SYRCUS

### MAGIC FERN

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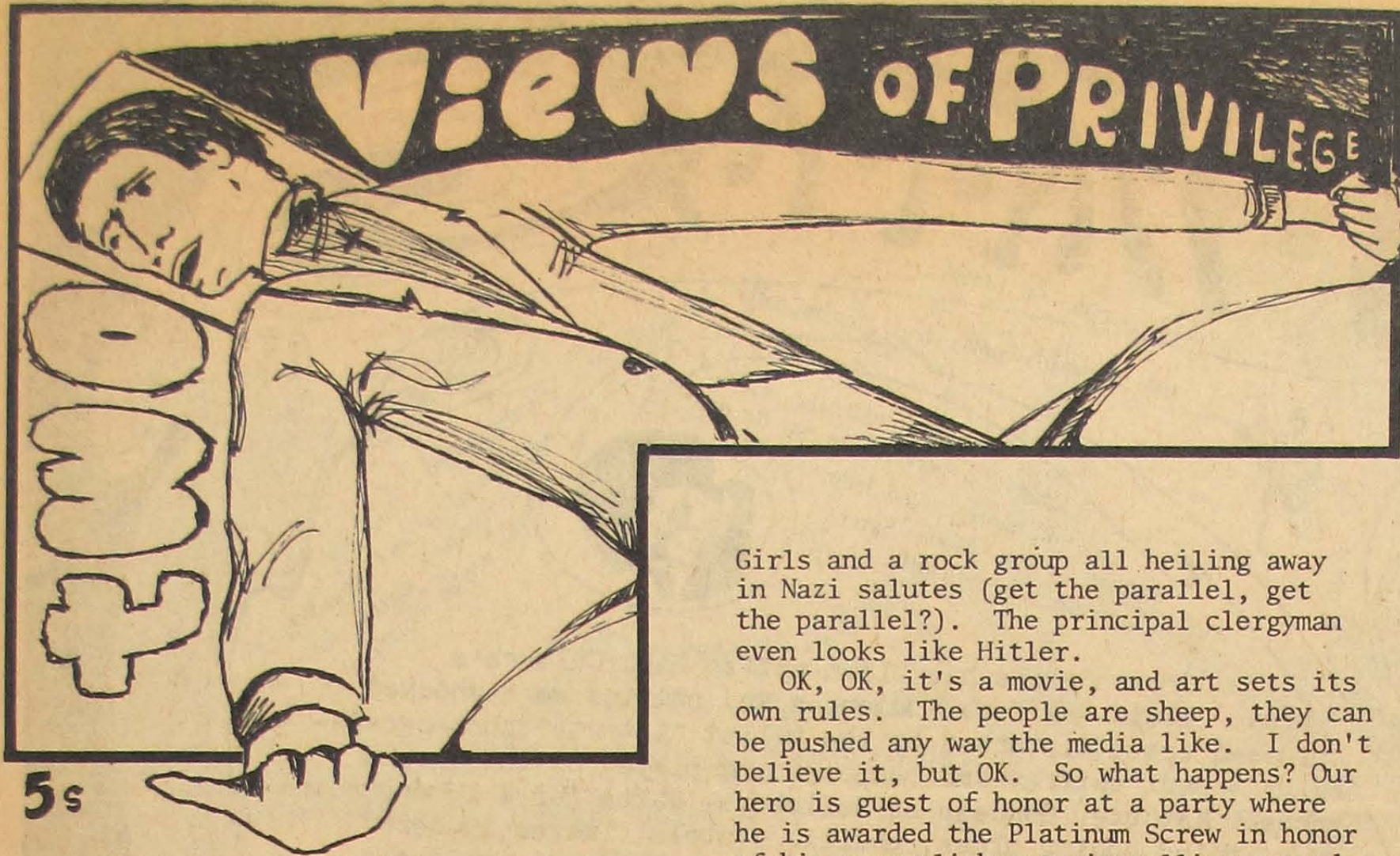
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What is remarkable about the movie Privilege is its music which often is as overpowering and sinuous as that of the Doors. To such music, the movie appropriately adds amounts of religious pomp and sexual symbolism for the purpose of constructing a believable pop idol, Steve. The movie then explodes the ironic relationship between Steve, who is essentially an anti-establishment artist, and the music industry establishment which controls him and thus the entire culture which reverses him. Profit, the motive ultimate to the industry, clashes with Steve's urge and wrestle for meaning in love and gives the movie its tension and movement. Steve's songs effectively convey this conflict by the jangle between lyrics of propaganda and his own very personal music.

It is this power of music which is the movie's vehicle of satire. Because the songs are compelling despite their banality of lyrics, that probability of business controlling society through art is actual. One has only to examine pop music commercials to see exactly how intimate to art power is. By perverting music's power to persuade, Privilege reveals the abuse of pop music and public by business. That Privilege accomplishes its protest generally tastefully and intelligently makes it a movie of some eloquence.

But like most satire, Privilege cloyes after it outlines the general conflict. Once having observed that business can force art into dishonesty, it goes about the business of attempting to please with cliches. Because it neglects for the sentimentality of a sudden affair the serious questions it has raised, Privilege comes dangerously close to being slick & dishonest. Overall, it is shallow and a disappointment.

Henry Rappaport

Roger Downey

Girls and a rock group all heiling away in Nazi salutes (get the parallel, get the parallel?). The principal clergyman even looks like Hitler.

OK, OK, it's a movie, and art sets its own rules. The people are sheep, they can be pushed any way the media like. I don't believe it, but OK. So what happens? Our hero is guest of honor at a party where he is awarded the Platinum Screw in honor of his accomplishments in selling records. The event is televised. Our hero mumbles out a rejection of the whole disgusting role that he, poor baby, has been playing. You know what happens? All those sheep he's been leading turn on him and gol-dang near tear him to shreds. Moral: never push a sheep too far.

As if this little flaw in logic weren't enough to ruin the movie, we have Paul Jones, as the idol, looking throughout as if he were about to throw up. Don't misunderstand me, I sympathize with his emotions, but sour stomach isn't acting.

Jean Shrimpton is pretty.

William Blake supplies some good lyrics. e.e. cummings' Olaf remarked once that "There is some shit I will not eat." This dietary limitation does not apply to all.

The media men have been talking so long about their own power that they're beginning to have nightmares. DARLING was one; PRIVILEGE is another.

The double-edged conceit here is that a pop singer suitably manipulated by the Establishment can become the leader of the people -- not just in hair-style but all the way, morals, manners and Sunday breakfast. A little more than half-way through, a business man takes our hero out on a balcony looking over London (Satan with Jesus on the mountaintop: get the parallel?) and tells him that the People are sheep; they are going to be manipulated one way or another, so why not lead them toward Good? This sequence is followed with a low-budget reminiscence of the Nuremburg rally of 1935, with the Boy Scouts, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rainbow

(Dump, cont. from page 3)

#### CRESCENT CITY BLUES

I'm tired and I'm dirty  
I could really use a meal;  
And the bumper stickers goin past  
Read Jesus Christ Was Real.

Here comes a mini-bus  
I believe I do feel faint,  
But it's filled with dental technicians  
And covered with fact'ry paint.

Cat gave me a ride this morning,  
& speed to spin my head around;  
But there's no one on the highway now,  
Do believe I'm coming down.

More verses not included for reasons of being lost etc.

Incredibly good old man gave me a ride to Grant's Pass, asked about dope-- understanding-- told me he didn't hunt anymore, didn't want to kill anything. Told me of his faith in Jesus, but didn't push me: the same concern for me which interested him in my soul kept him from pushing me. He didn't believe that anyone could find God except in a personal moment of private faith anyway. Didn't know about, say, good Buddhists, thought it confusing and was satisfied with his own faith. He too is a particularly American type though in LA I tend to forget.

After five hours in Grant's Pass, I sleep at the roadside. If the bus station would have been open all night, I would have bought a ticket, slept on the seats, showed the Man the ticket if he came by and cashed it in the next morning; but there wasn't. Three hours on the road the next morning. Wrote more verses to a zillion verse blues created in moments of desperation over the past several years.

#### GENOCIDE BLUES

Got a bright blue mind, got a mildly neon brain,  
Got a bright blue mind, got a mildly neon brain,  
Boots are filled with time and time turns blue to rain.

Have eidetic recall, I'm allergic to the surreal;  
Said eidetic recall and allergic to the surreal;  
Spent a day in LA, well you know how I feel.

I can lift my weight if I can keep my feet in the air,  
I can lift my weight if I can keep my feet in the air,  
When I'm high enough I don't really believe I care.

You should see the people who tell me I am weird,  
Should see the people who tell me I am weird;  
Colonels, cops and a prophet with camel dung in his beard.

Ride with a patronizing executive on a fishing trip. "I'm only going a few miles, but I'll let you off a a Mecca for hitchhikers." He explains, "That's a good place where they all go."

"Yeah, maybe I'll cop a Hegira."

"What?"

"Nuthin'."



Then to Portland with an accountant: pale, single (I think), had once wanted to be a concert pianist, but had taken up book-keeping and "didn't know what he'd do if he didn't work. Maybe shoot myself." A very nice accountant though, a human being of course and gentle, and I gave him the helix address so he could look me up when he got to Seattle the next day. It turned out that he did show up, but looked so tidy that no one would tell him where I was without consulting me. Paranoia strikes deep.

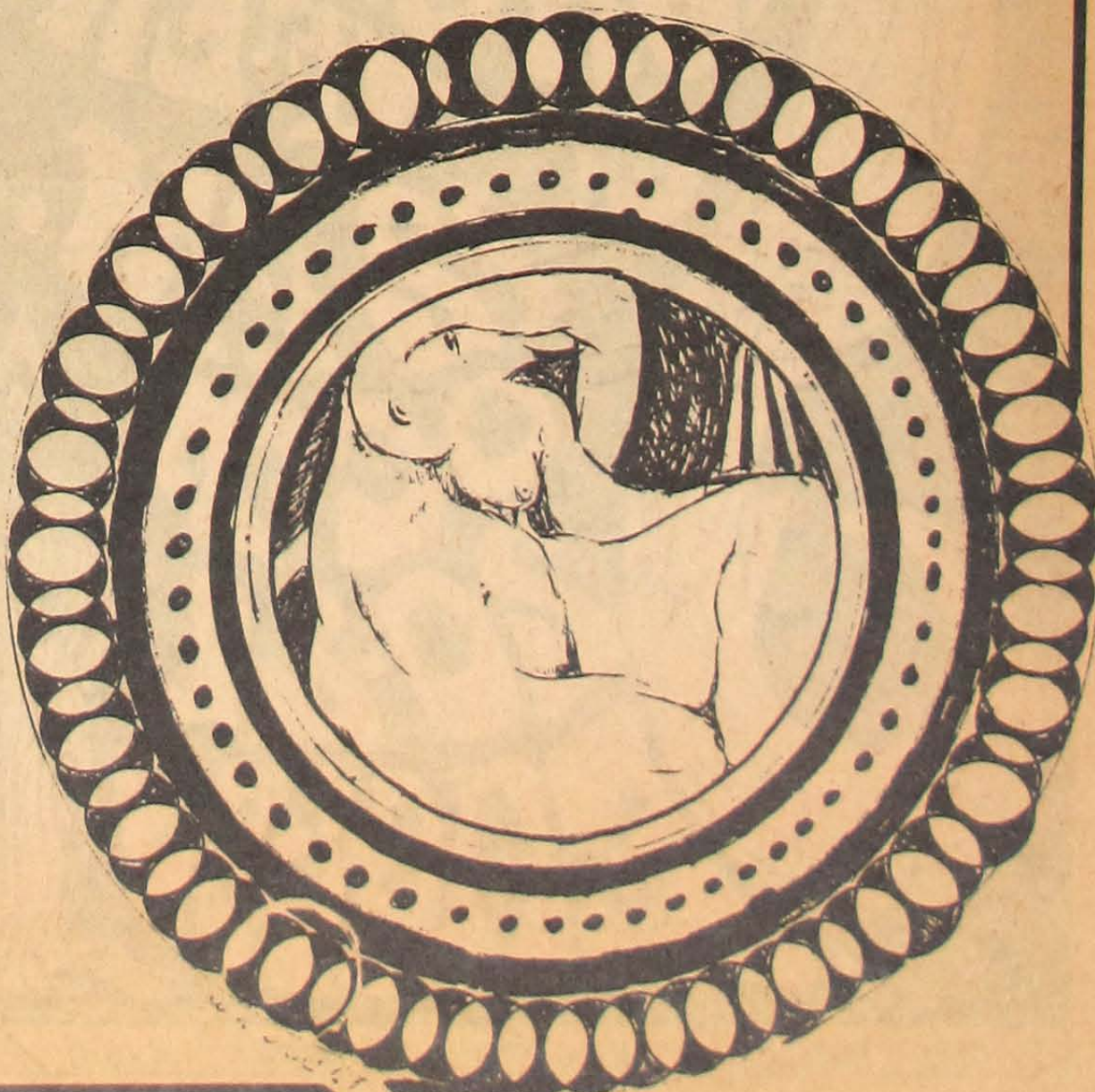
At Portland I stood trying for a ride close enough to Seattle so I could afford a bus. Cannot hitch in the state of Washington. The Driver's Handbook reassures drivers who pass hitchhikers "85 out of 100 hitchhikers recently picked up were criminals or AWOL service men." And if they're lying on the road to Samaria, they're probably robbers feigning sick.

IF I HAD MY WAY I WOULD TEAR THIS DEPOT

Three good high school chicks gave me a ride to longview where I discovered that I could afford a bus to Tacoma only. For the first time in my life I tried panhandling. Olympia bus station: one cat said he had a twenty but no change. I didn't even bother to point out the obvious solution. Sat in the corner reading Samson Agonistes-- the only thing I had with me-- and felt depressed. In Tacoma a kindly ticket lady took pity on me and gave me a ticket to Seattle.

Anti-climactic arrival: I walked to the boat and slept.

THIS COLUMN IS DEDICATED TO ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE WHO BOUGHT ME FOOD, GAVE ME A PLACE TO FALL OUT, PICKED ME UP, GOT MY HEAD OFF OR SAID SOMETHING KIND BETWEEN LA AND HOUSEBOAT ROW.







# METAMAN and the MIRRORMINDS

THIS WEEK YOU HAVE ALREADY HEARD A WHOLE LOT ABOUT HEROIN.  
Do you remember hearing about it before?.....  
MIRRORMIND?  
You must remember, for you go on repeating yourself.....  
your prejudices, your duplicity, your repetitious follies.

We have received a phone call from an upset mother  
Demanding in a shaken yet sweetly struggling voice that something be done.  
THE CHILD IS RUNNING AWAY!  
The mother wants us to save her from separation...from herself alone.  
The child is only fifteen and "very impressionable..."  
They never talked with one another.....THE CHILD IS RUNNING AWAY.

MOTHERS...LISTEN! We live in an ignorant and confused world and in an ignorant and confused city.  
You simply must understand that. You must relax in the chaos.  
You must be contradicted.  
You must understand you don't understand.

THE CHILD WHO IS RUNNING AWAY IS RUNNING OUT OF AND INTO THE MIDST OF CHAOS. BUT SUPPLE AND CURIOUS HE WILL  
MORE EASILY NAVIGATE THE ECSTATIC AND GROTESQUE FLOW OF OUR CORPORATE INSANITY.

(GOVERNORS BACK JOHNSON'S POLICY IN VIETNAM)  
(PRINCESS ALEXANDER VISITS LYNDA-BIRD. WHICH ONE'S THE PRINCESS?)  
(THE 1968 BUICK IS BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER!)  
(WE'D BETTER WIND THINGS UP OVER THERE OR THEY'LL THINK WE'RE COWARDS.)  
(AN IDLE MIND IS THE DEVIL'S WORKSHOP.)

it is you who are afraid of losing your way. it is you who should run away.  
"PROTECT THE CHILDREN" means "MY GOD! MY GOD! PROTECT ME."  
You speak it in the mirror...  
For a people that goes on repeating itself - FETTERED GLASS FONDLES -

you have a lot to say about PROGRESS...that is,  
(THE BARS NOW STAY OPEN SATURDAY NIGHT UNTIL TWO....IT TOOK 1/2 century  
TO ACCOMPLISH THAT.)

You are the FACE-SAVERS .... You supply all the media with information of yourselves. You mistake the heaping  
up of faces for PROGRESS.... You sent out press-releases about how you can be found most anywhere.....  
ALL THE NEWS IS OLD NEWS REPEATED....YOU WON'T BREAK THE VERBOSITY OF HISTORY: ITS REDUNDANCY.

NOW THE CHILD WHO IS RUNNING AWAY WILL COME TO THE DISTRICT. HE COMES OUT OF A SILENT  
HOME WHERE THE PARENTS NEVER TALKED MUCH. HE MOVES IN A WORLD OF IGNORANCE AND CON-  
FUSION. IN THE DISTRICT THE CHILD WILL BE SOLD SMACK....HEROIN. THIS WEEK YOU HAVE  
ALREADY HEARD A WHOLE LOT ABOUT HEROIN. DO YOU REMEMBER HEARING ABOUT IT BEFORE?  
MIRRORMIND? YOU MUST REMEMBER, FOR YOU GO ON REPEATING YOURSELVES....YOUR PREJUDICES,  
YOUR DUPLICITY, YOUR REPETITIOUS FOLLIES.

THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF DEATH.....  
Like the HARD-HIGH...the trip you get from taking smack.  
THAT KIND OF DEATH IS NOT TOO UNLIKE YOUR OWN. Do not be surprised, then, if the child who is  
running away buys the smack, takes it and keeps on taking it.

Its a soft buzz like a dream that keeps on repeating itself.  
Like being feathered in the ease of an infinite cadillac.  
Like being carried through a hall of mirrors.  
The Cadillac is the expensive hearse that leads the softly smiling procession of faces on the  
unending journey to the interment.  
YOU NEVER TALK WITH ONE ANOTHER.  
YOUR CHILD HAS BEEN SLEEP-WALKING AT HOME.  
Don't be surprised if he takes smack and "likes" it.

THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF DEATH.....  
And yours is the most deathly, for you carnivorously insist on sickening death on your already  
eaten life.  
PROGRESS: You have a mind-body perfectly and variously suited to do many things. But when  
you learned that that involved risks you forgot it.  
For an EROTIC SENSE OF REALITY...for the risk of being AWARE...you substituted the risk of  
NOT MAKING \$10,000 BY THE TIME YOUR THIRTY.  
A POCKET FULL OF FACES..OR...RUN NEXT DOOR AND TRADE DOLLARS WITH YOUR NEIGHBOR.

THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF DEATH.....(some of these are creative.)  
the ego needs to be slaughtered the wisdom of masochism the wisdom of blowing your mind the psychedelic tool  
the religious technology: the happy alchemist who will as a gift to you ruin your pretensions for the flowering  
of the kingdom of god that is within you. the deathliness of lsd and marijuana.

THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF DEATH.....  
Like the "death of the 'hippy'." Another of your PRESS-RELEASES.  
BUT ADMITTEDLY IT IS APPROPRIATE THAT YOU ANNOUNCE HIS DEATH, FOR IT WAS OUT OF YOUR NEED TO FIRST HALF-CONSCIOUS-  
LY FABRICATE THE 'HIPPIE' AND THEN DISCOVER AND DEFINE HIM AND NOW DESTROY HIM. IT IS LIKE AN OLD RITUAL OF RAISE-  
ING THE FATTED-CALF FOR VIOLENT SLAUGHTER.  
And in the game of hide-and-seek you need your criminals  
And in the game of one-up you need the Joneses  
And in the game of scapegoating you need the Negro

With a need so great why do you wonder that the Negro is rebelling, that the Joneses are escalating, that the  
criminals are proliferating and that the "hippy" is killing himself? KILLING HIMSELF (1)

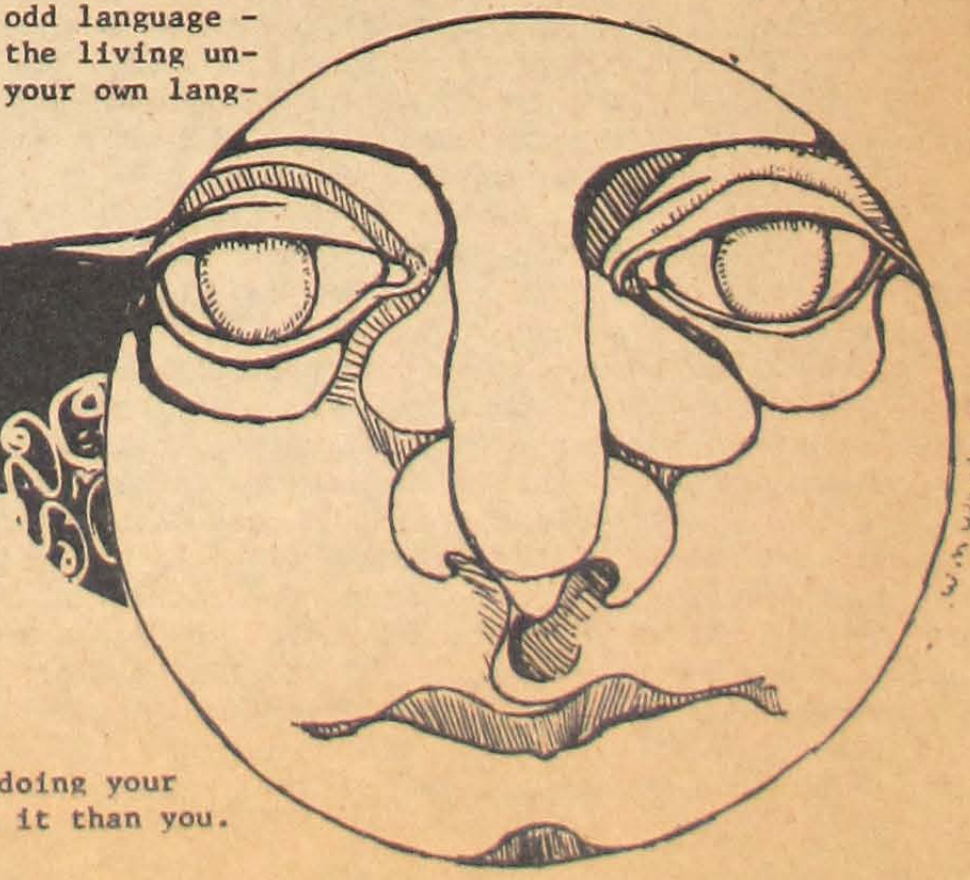
He is leaving the streets and going off by himself...or in small numbers. He asks to be  
left alone and forgotten.  
He had something to say, but that message has been swallowed up by the media-men...the  
sensational mirrorminds.  
He is not so likely to act up front except to throw soot or dollars to the wind.  
Perhaps you will run into him unexpectedly in the suburbs or out on the farm.  
He is going back to where most of his "kind" have been all along....underground...or above  
in disguise.  
He'll be about the business of hourly revolution in his own head.

BEFORE WHEN HE WAS TALKING WITH YOU HE WAS YOUR MAIN CHANCE TO ESCAPE THE HALL OF MIRRORS...HE WAS YOUR  
metaman  
WITH YOUR OWN ORDINARY LANGUAGE...WHEN HE SAID "LOVE" HE MEANT LOVE. WHEN HE SAID "FLOWERS" HE MEANT FLOWERS.

With only so much METAPHOR as was necessary to break the mirrored  
reproduction of MASKS the METAMAN'S metaphor - his odd language -  
was not any difficult or esoteric conceit. It was the living un-  
derstanding of the vital potential that existed in your own lan-  
guage...in "LOVE", "FLOWERS", "FREEDOM" in  
"THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU"

## KILLING HIMSELF (2)

or he is sitting in the streets, doing-up smack doing your  
death trip super. Even here he's much better at it than you.







# DUMP TRUCK BABY

John Gunnick

3s

## MORNING BECOMES GENERAL HERSEY

San Francisco AM: letter on the kitchen table. Return address: Local Board No. 61 within ten days if not... Having done several obscene variations on an endocrinological theme, I opened it.

"(As a Conscientious Objector)... you will report to L.A. County Hosp., where you will remain for two years... failure to comply..."

Called the editor collect, apologise for missed deadlines, ask for traveling money. Hassle, pack, leave a little blues in S.F. host's refrigerator and am on the road.

First ride is a hearse filled with a groovy chick, an FM (KMPX, head-rock) and a harpsichord-- she'd just finished a benefit gig at the Straight Theater for the H/A Med Clinic. Past the Cow Palace the radio drained empty and I played my harp to Palo Alto. I thank her for the ride, she thanks me for the song. Easy botanical love. INBETWEEN SCENES

Five hours standing in the hot sun in San Jose. At 22 I decide, for the first time, to commit suicide when I find an (easy) opportunity. Walk to the Greyhound station: I have a low frustration tolerance at the start of a bad trip. Bus goes all the way south. ALICE REGRESSES IN DACHAU; OPHELIA HUSTLES DYKES IN INTERZONE; I ARRIVE IN LA.

No one waits for me at the bus station but a fat homosexual who offers money; I decide I need sleep and walk to one night cheap hotel for victims of terminal paresis. For \$1.75 I sleep through a hot smoggy night with sweat pooling on the plastic under-sheet. CHRIST! IF MY LOVE WERE IN MY ARMS AND I IN MY BED AGAIN.

Spend the next day in my room surrounded by poetry anthologies writing imitation Poe and Clark Asherton Smith. My only LA friend comes over, but the night clerk notices my shaggy hair and says we'll either have to remain in the lobby or pay for a double: I fight down an urge to expose myself and go for coffee.

DEMENSNE OF ASCLEPIUS: RN REVERSES ENTROPY: I FIND SALVATION

Monday, visions of 24 bedpan months, scarab in the house of healing, going home to LA, I report to Personnel. Six new nurses are being sworn in; Loyalty Oath is signed-- repeal Commie Medi-Care-- DI in white attempts to form acolytes into semblance of order, "All right Girls! Butt in, chest out!" The Enema Squad swears Fealty to Capitalist Way; Vestals keep the Lysol flowing, I am invited into the office. Lady there smiles apologetically and informs me of a freeze in hiring, clom back in few months, financial problems; I suspect Reagan.

HEAR RUMOR THAT LA FREEWAYS GO NORTH: TO THE OLD WORLD

Dance back to hotel, check out, take bus partway cross town (35 mi. or so) and start to hitch home. Big Car Stops and a Deeply dressed young man begins to apologize for having conformed and sold out. I try to explain that I would not be hitchhiking around playing harmonicas if I had something to sell, but he doesn't understand, and explains Freedom to me.

Everyone in LA-- at least everyone who picks up hitchhikers, which I grant is different-- feels an intense compulsion to explain that they are really above LA, and stuck there by accident. "What do you think of the... (snigger) Cultural Center of the West?" I don't assume Disney really dug LA, man. ON THE NATURE OF THINGS

Cars pass and cars pass: I stand at a suburban entrance and everybody drives a Cadillac. I don't think that, in nine years of hitchhiking, I've gotten a ride from a new caddy: A Rolls, a couple of 300 SLs, but there is something about the Cadillac head.

Picking up a hitchhiker is an act of spontaneous generosity, and new car america refuses to cure cancer without a We Gave sticker. If ye have not charity-- which once meant love/spontaneity-- your gifts are shit. 40, 900 deaths on the highway last year does not keep these people off the roads, I cannot believe that fear of mugging-- when was the last time you read of a hitchhike murder-- makes these people pass me up.

It isn't really cruelty-- though people occasionally curse at me because of my poverty/oddity-- but most people don't differentiate between hitchhikers and political billboards or other undemanding freeway scenery. Those who pick up hitchhikers are either unusually good, unusually lonely or have been down themselves. Middle aged business men standing beside broke-down new Dodges get rides: that kind of down Mr. Jones can understand. Ordinary servicemen, anybody but drafted anybody, get rides: Mr. Jones remembers coming back from the war and being out of gasoline stamps, and vaguely remembers that kind of down. Traditional moralities are, by definition, traditional-- formal-- and require pontifical diagrams. At sixty MPH only spontaneous empathy can stop in time.

## MY TRIP

(an abridged masque in prose & song)

## SUR(EL CAMINO)REAL

Ventura Calif: J. Birch stronghold with one freeway entrance. 6 PM: I, one flower child, and one ravaged old hipster-- maybe 35 but looks like old time A head and tired-- form a tired lump holding a sign reading SF and praying for a brightly colored mini-bus. People shake their fists as they drive by; exhaustion and poverty arouse in them the same response that I reserve for napalm. I blow something sad on my harp and watch the ocean.

GOOD GOD LITTLE SCHOOL GIRL: THERE BE TYGERS HERE

Finally a Toyota station wagon stops and the three of us hobble into the back seat. In front are three high school chicks-- short hair, rayon blouses, upper middle class patina-- in back we huddle and marvel, discussing our own things. One chick dropped her cigarette and her companion shrieked, "Oh Susie! You pulled a bummer."

Old hipster laughs and starts to put the chicklets on, "You don't have any dope, would you. Nice chicks like you?" They giggle, we smile twice and drive on. Funny smell from the front seat; little girl in huge metal curlers reaches back and hands me a joint. Back seat collapses weakly. Flying High All the Way. Girls from Ventura and stoned out by Santa Barbara. Have you seen your daughter, Mother? VIRTUE ATTACKS VICE ON ROAD TO UNLIMITED DEVOTION

I should never hitch stoned except for I do love it so. Always I meet heat. Santa Barbara cop wants to see my ID which I cannot find. How old am I? I don't look 22. Light flashes in my face: my eyes look odd, am I under the influence of narcotics? Well why do I seem so nervous-- because for the past five years I have committed victimless crimes, but I say nothing-- All this time I am going thru pockets, cutting twine from my suitcase, sweating, trembling, searching. Finally I find an old helix with photo of me playing harp and some poems and a notice that I am CO-- draft classified ergo 18 ergo no runaway-- he shines light in my eyes one more time and drives off.

IN DEFENCE OF RECTAL HYMEN OR SO

Next ride is going all the way to SF but 70 miles out the driver makes a less active pass than title would seem to imply, and which I politely turn down. This is not unusual and I am not uptight, Some of My Best Rides are Gay... But this cat breaks all rules and lets me out in the middle of night and nowhere. I stand under the stars and think trite thoughts about virtue. After a short terrifying ride with a couple of highschool kids-- drunk and curious about foreign policy-- I curl up in my blanket and a light rain and go to sleep. HONKY BLUES

Suburban exit: sneers go past. A spade gentleman does the same, and I turn to mutter something about Ebony Bourgoise when I notice that he has stopped. Apologizing silently, I get in and ride to S.F. HOME IS THE THREE DAY EREMIT

In the City I wander around warning people about the nodding giant to the south and have Christmas with the Electric-Pre-Mix-Cave-Dwellers'- Moving -Company and Mirkwood Campus-- my SF family-- (copped a tree from Mt. Tam., decorated it, got a record of carols, 31 lbs of turkey, dope pooled, cake, pies, apple betty and welsh wolves; no away-from-home holiday depression) packed and split for the Puget Sound Area.

JUST AS SURE AS YOU'RE BORN


Second ride and a gentle man gave me a couple of pipes of something which he called home grown. (Note: somewhere is south Marin there is soil which feels like Sonora Mex.-Existent. Test. Stat.) He let me off at a place he called not-yet-freeway and said it was alright to hitch there. Past rationality, I froze to the spot. Highway Patrol car went past, hummed siren, I didn't find it significant.

DEMOCRATIC GIVE AND TAKE: FREE SPEECH IN ACTION

As I said, I meet heat at those times. The Man gave me a ticket, checked my draft card, discovered that I was CO, and started to wail. He probably had spent the past three years thinking of what he would say if he found a me. He might have had some good arguments, but he was pumping so much adrenalin that he ended up repeating that A: he didn't like the war in Vietnam but would go if called and that B: as he was a little older than I, his "opinions should have a little more validity (sic)" than mine, even if he wasn't sure what mine were, and couldn't quite get his out. I was a little less articulate than he, and, though I tried very very hard, I kept getting hung up on extraneous things when I tried to follow his words (cf. Rotation Method, Either/Or) and not returning until he paused for some kind of reply. At this point I would recall his sounds, turn sounds to words, metamorph words to meanings, discover that he hadn't said anything anyway and readmit that I had been guilty of soliciting rides on the limited access thing and exclaim on my own stupidity.

Up north on scenic 101 and no rides. Scribbled down a short song, influenced by the C&W filling the car radios in No. Cal. and by the westcoastvollkeidiom which was in my head for some reason.

(Cont. on page 5)



**The Law Of Love**

is that Law which places the welfare and the concern and the feelings for others above self.

The Law of Love is that close affinity with all forces that you associate with as good.

The Law of Love is that force which denies the existence of evil in the world, that resists not evil.

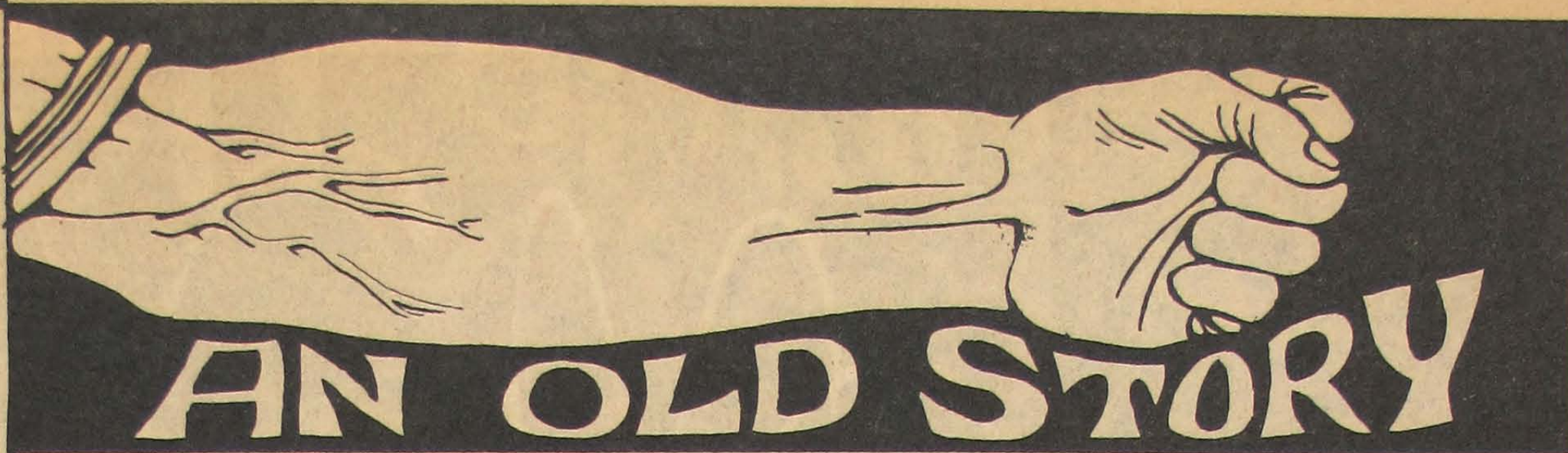
... Cosmic Awareness

A unique group of aware people, using 136 symbols in their meditation, communicate directly with Cosmic Awareness for enlightenment. This world-wide organization, directed by Cosmic Awareness, is founded on the Law of Love, which is the Law of One, dedicated to the brotherhood of man. A free brochure is yours for the asking.

**servants of awareness**

P.O. Box 115-P  
Olympia, Washington, USA 98501





Well Seattle, you finally made it. You finally got a first. The Space Needle can shine in silent glory under your clouds of ignorance, and all over the city, self-righteous citizens can unleash indignant destruction upon the monster they themselves have built. Reacting in rage, oblivious to its responsibilities, the community will devour its youth with the intellect of a guppy.

Yes, Seattle, you have a big first. You have reaped the first major crop of young junkies in the country. That

2s

IS what's happening: your children are getting strung out on needles, speed, and smack (heroin). It is easier today to get smack in the "U" District than it ever has been downtown. And the only way these junkies can support their habit is by hooking more people, or resorting to criminal activity. We've got ourselves a real horror scene now, and everyone can smugly say "I told you so." Well, Baby, that may feed your ego, but it isn't going to save your kids. The extent to which the community can maintain its present high level of hideous apathy and ignorance is going to determine the future of this situation. I personally am quite confident that the city will react blindly and that the only change is going to be the number of people in jail.

A year ago I probably would have laid the blame on "hippies," & I suspect that represents one of the first major misunderstandings to clear up. It's very comforting when confronted with an unpleasant situation to establish a responsibility that doesn't involve yourself. It is as easy as it is absurd. We can no longer afford to pretend that something "other" than our own culture has produced the so-called hippy. It is blatantly obvious that the hippies (as well as other dissident groups) are both a symptom of and a reaction to the emotional starvation and phoniness of the dominant culture. We have produced a bright, perceptive youth which can see our hypocrisy, prejudice and frustration. It doesn't strike me as being peculiar that they want no part of it. One alternative to it has been the hip culture.

So let's take a look at that culture and try to understand what went wrong. The hip scene was a quiet community for a long time. It represented an honest, if naive, attempt to live a better life. It championed individual freedom and the personal quest for spiritual fulfillment. While the government talked about building a great society it unpretentiously went about building a great citizenry. These people could see how the institutionalized structure of our country had lost sight of the ideals upon which it was founded. They could see the true insanity of fighting a war for peace. They could see that the mechanistic structure of this society which so pushed acceptance and achievement had truly forgotten its people. This was a culture that, for the most part, used psychedelic drugs for introspection, increased awareness, and religious experience. These were a people who had many beautiful things to say.

Now this movement grew in two ways. The first was interpersonal relations. Then, as today, the missionary fervor of the individual touched all those with whom he had contact. In homes all over the city the movement continues to grow this way. It involves a total cross-section of the community; doctors, lawyers, laborers, engineers, dropouts, educators, and students. It is this quiet change of mood that is of the most significance to the city. It is a leaderless, spontaneous happening with no goal except to help people be human. It grows through intellectual stimulation and spiritual provocation.

The second direction of growth was through the mass media. It was external to the scene, a product of the dominant culture. To understand what it has done you must first realize the street scene (the "U" District in Seattle) has always been predominantly a transitional scene. It is like the top of an iceberg; it is the easiest to identify but the least significant part. This is where the young, the entrants, have come to be exposed to the culture. But ever since the news media started reporting on the street scene there has been a vicious cycle of change; more youth, more police, and more press. As a result, the street scene has been taken in, it has been

prostituted by the interpretation of the "straight" world until now it is but a mirror image of the press garbage about it. There are few hippies left on the street. Mostly those there are puppets, dupes of a society that must unleash the wrath of its cultural anxiety on the young.

Because the dim wit of the mass media (including movies) is primarily oriented toward selling, and is completely impervious to the intellectual stimulation of the hip culture, they have focused their meager analytic powers on dope, sex and fun. This probably shows where THEY are at, but it is by no stretch of the imagination indicative of the culture. But even as your understanding of hippies has come from their reporting, so has your children's. A whole new scene has been built, a product of their perverted imaginations.

If you couple this press image of hippies with the protected ignorance concerning drugs, you have your new scene, Seattle, and it is YOURS. The minimal level of education you give your children is still the archaic and uninformed program it was thirty years ago. You are still teaching your children that marijuana, like heroin, is a hard narcotic. And do you wonder why they are easy prey for a smack pusher after they discover that your information about pot was pure unadulterated bullshit? What are you going to do about drug education, Seattle? Are you going to bury your head in the sand & let pressures from people like Reverend Miller stop the new program? ...Probably.

Next in line is the police role in all this. The police have never been able to cope with social change -- they were never intended to. But social change is precisely what the scene has been all about. The crimes committed were ones of social definition. Taking psychedelic drugs is a victimless crime, and there is not a complaint to identify the criminal. Now in a heavy (heroin) scene there is a lot of crime, the individual has a \$10 to \$20 a day habit to support. It is in a heavy scene that you find organized crime, prostitution, mugging, and larceny. It would appear that the police have consciously allowed things to get out of hand -- they need a situation that they can handle and that will generate massive public hysteria. We..., they have it now, and Chief Ramon can call a press conference to tell the community how concerned he is. Will he also tell the community why the police officer who made the most arrests in the District and had virtually eliminated the flux of teenyboppers was moved out? Will he also tell the community about a certain young man who spent two hours one night in March telling his story to Hennaby of the narcotics squad? A young man who was living with the people who first started using junk and saw what it was doing to them. A young man who provided the names and addresses of the people who are now at the core of the new scene. A young man who can't quite understand why nothing was ever done about it.

What justification the police will come up with I don't know, but a little conjecture might be appropriate. Holding off to get at the source is a classic. Waiting to get the "big man" and arrest him. This may sound like a good tactic until you realize that the waiting actually creates the big man. As the junkies hook more people they build a pyramid that needs a big man. Arresting him, however, doesn't eliminate the market, it only means someone else takes over.

Have we as a people really learned nothing from our own history, did we not gain any insight from Prohibition? Do we not realize that money still speaks at least as loudly as our Christian Ethics? All across our nation experts in many fields have been saying that making the psychedelics categorically illegal could only enhance the growth of the black market and invite organized crime. The federal government, in fact, specifically and intentionally excluded use and possession as a crime in their legislation on LSD. Even in our own state Representative Litchman and Dr. Spellman predicted the influx of organized crime if sane legislation weren't passed. Are we in this state, in this city, so stupid that we cannot see what is happening?

So what now, Seattle. Are you going to continue lying on your back apathetically probing the sky with your Space Needle? Are you going to continue punching the time clock, completely oblivious to the needs of your children? Seattle may have a chance, but as has been said, "The easiest way for evil to prevail is for enough good men to sit idly by and do nothing."

ED. NOTE: Helix will be running a three-part series on Drugs and the Law starting next issue.

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